A First Time for Everything

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A First Time for Everything

by Annibal

Summary

With a baby on the way Hannibal and Matthew attempt to improve on their relationship.

Matthew was stretched out on the couch feeling irritated; he'd been feeling that since his heat had ended and they found out he was indeed pregnant. After a short conversation with his mates they had all decided that it would be better if Matthew left the hospital and stayed home. He was out numbered and so he agreed as well, but it didn't mean he had to love it.

He understood their thinking, his job had gotten rough a few times, and it wasn't like he loved having Chilton looking over his shoulder all the time. Not only that, but with nesting he would have a hard time going, and as omegas only got the last three months off it would be hard to force himself to go until that point.

Understanding didn't erase his annoyance though, or how bored he often felt.

Even worse it meant that on most days he was stuck with Hannibal breathing down his neck. The doctor didn't have the longest office hours most days so the two of them would be in the house while Will was out teaching at his new job. They used to be able to avoid each other until Will came home but that had not been possible for the last month.

He had managed a delicate peace with Hannibal for Will's sake, but it was evolving. When he told Will that it was okay to bring in the other omega he knew what it would mean for their relationship. He didn't make the choice lightly, but he would rather share Will than have him to himself and know that he was pining for someone else as well.

Matthew supposed that he had forgiven Hannibal for what happened over the last month and a half, it was about making Will happy, but it didn't make the transition any easier.

He had always known a family was a possibility with the alpha, but he thought they would have talked about it, or that he would have had time to adjust before the time came.

Matthew looked at the doorway when he heard footsteps and he sat up, watching Hannibal cross the room with a platter in his hands. He was fully dressed in slacks and a sweater that probably cost more than most of what Matthew owned.

He managed not to roll his eyes visibly. Despite the fact that he claimed that he wasn't, Hannibal had become his personal doctor, every meal was planned for him, and at one more than one point Hannibal had tried to put him to bed like he was a child.

Although he had to admit their relationship was getting better, he no longer found him as insufferable as when they first lived together. A few times during the day he could even enjoy the company.

When Hannibal stood next to the couch he took the hint and sat up enough that Hannibal would be able to seat himself.

"I made this for you."

Matthew looked at the food and he was surprised at what he saw, Hannibal had done most the cooking since he joined them and he'd never seen him make something simple like this. They

were small pieces of breaded chicken with cheese melted on top. They had been cut into small pieces and arranged artfully.

“This is different.”

Hannibal picked one up and brought it to his lips.

“You should eat Matthew.”

He took the bite, surprised at the taste. Hannibal had carefully layered herbs and spices into the breading. The cheese added a creamy texture, and the flavour was rich but not overwhelming.

“It’s good.”

Matthew winced at how surprised he sounded, it wasn’t that he didn’t enjoy Hannibal’s cooking, but he often lamented with Will about just having something simple.

A few times when Hannibal was working late and wouldn’t be home for dinner, the two of them would sneak out for fried chicken. They would sit in the back seat in the parking lot and eat it, both of them laughing at their guilty pleasure. They would dispose of the evidence before they ever got home, Hannibal still probably smelled it though. His car often having the scent of fried chicken for days after.

“I thought you would enjoy it.”

They were words he had never Hannibal would say, but he appreciated it.

“Thank you.”

Hannibal gave a gracious nod and took another piece, feeding Matthew each bite.

There was something soothing about it, maybe it was the gentle touches to his lips Hannibal would make to wipe away a crumb, but he found himself relaxing.

Hannibal fed him the whole plate that way, and when he was finished and Matthew had sucked Hannibal’s fingers clean the other omega set the plate down on the end table and pulled on Matthew. He let himself be moved half into Hannibal’s lap. The other omega had never tried for intimacy like this other than when they were in bed with Will.

The few times they curled up together it was always Matthew who had come to him.

Hannibal turned on the couch, even putting up one leg to that Matthew could rest against his shoulder. The hand that moved to rest on his stomach was tentative. Hannibal was reaching out to him for the first time since they had lived together.

Matthew accepted it and pushed through their bond for the first time ever, feeling a spark of surprise. They had both had an almost unspoken agreement to never use it, but even though it felt strange to be so close to Hannibal he didn’t hate it.

Matthew tugged up his shirt, letting Hannibal touch the small mound. The first evidence of their baby. In a way Hannibal played as big a part in it's making as he and Will did. He supposed that was why Hannibal
had done what he had, so that it wasn't something just between him and Will.

He had been avoiding this conversation for a while, but now was as a good as time as ever.

"I don't want you to feed me human meat anymore, people eat too many toxins. The same goes for the baby when it's born."

Hannibal let him feel surprise through their bond.

"I'm not Will, I know why you work late sometimes. You don't have to worry though, I'm not going to tell daddy on you. I just don't want to eat it."

Hannibal gave a soft laugh, and he felt a kiss on his temple.

"I didn't think you knew."

Matthew shrugged, he hadn't really cared. He'd killed in the past, he'd stopped for Will, but Hannibal had only done it once in the eight months they had been together. As long as Will never found out he was fine with Hannibal doing whatever he needed to get off.

They sat in silence for a while, Hannibal touching his small belly, and occasionally pressing kisses to his face.

His omega side was content, with the baby in his belly and the strength of both his mates he would be safe, it was the rest of him that felt restless. The part that knew it could take care of itself, and that felt trapped as he gave up so much of his life for Will.

Needing to push that part down further he groaned and turned in Hannibal's arms, catching the next kiss on his lips. It wasn't Will, but the older omega was handsome, and he was a part of their relationship. At some point he needed to accept him, both for Will and for Will's child. When the baby was born he didn't want tension in the house.

So he kept kissing him, running his hand over his sweater and taking in the tongue pressing between his lips. There was still anger in him, but at the moment it was gone in the pleasure of Hannibal's expect kiss.

Matthew broke the kiss first, moving back how he had been seated before, Hannibal's hand finding his way to his stomach again. He actually fully relaxed this time, watching the long fingers as they roamed the bump.

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